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BARLEY-BREAKE,
OR,
A WARNING FOR WANTONS,
OF
W. N. GENTLEMAN.
(1607.)

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND
ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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INTRODUCTION.



SUCH as know our early literature, are aware that much of it is semi-anonymous, and (for initials help little) practically anonymous. Another example is herein presented to the Subscribers for these Occasional Issues. That admirable man, scholar "ripe and good," and most matterful and chatty Book-lover, the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A.,¹ Rector of Stand and (among other of our debts to him) preparer of *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* — now since his decease to be continued and completed by his compeer, Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A. (of Manchester) — assigned *Barley-Breake*, indeed, to Nicholas Breton; but later he saw and owned to me that he had committed a blunder in so doing. There is not the shadow of a ground for accrediting the ever white-handed Muse of Breton with this Poem. Independent of its meretricious vein (a thin one no doubt) it has none of his characteristics, while it has characteristics that he had not. The initials "W. N." on title-page and epistle-dedicatory, unquestionably belonged to one whose name was William or Walter N—— somebody. That whoever he were, he was not unused to rhyme, is manifest; for with one singular exception (page 32, line 15), there is, throughout, a sweet harmoniousness; or, as the phrase of old was, 'smoothness,' that argues practice. There are, too, flashes of true poetical inspiration and wording, *e.g.*, Mr. Swinburne himself might have written this, or at least the italicised words:

"One while he thinkes to fend his grieve in rime,
And therein praise *her cruell conquering eyes*:"

(p. 10, ll. 15-16.)

It was an open-eyed un-spectacled man who thus hit off,
so long ago, the Owl :

"The Sunne being fet, the day was in the waine.
Too whit, too who, cries out the broad-fac'd *Owle.*"
(p. 9, ll. 17-18.)

Herrick would have accepted this little idyllic scene :

—— "Pinkes and Cowslips, shall be made a bed,
Vpon whose gentle leaues secure wee'le sleepe,
Lockt one to other, whilst red lips doe wed,
Inuiron'd with armes, brefts sweete kissing meete."
(p. 22, ll. 1-4.)

Nor are these less vivid if they have since been made
common-place :

"Good God, what tis for filly maides to shift,
When conscience writes some action in the cheek."
(p. 18, ll. 29-30.)

"This Nymph in colour that did staine the Rose."
(p. 12, l. 18.)

"She cries, Away, and yet she holds him fast."
(p. 7, l. 6.)

"Her curled lockes like streames on golden sands."
(p. 12, l. 14.)

"The scowling clouds abridge our sun-shine dayes."
(p. 28, l. 27.)

"*An aged eye can oft see things to come.*"
(p. 28, l. 1.)

"Her Rose-like cheekes, that lately dim'd the Rose."
(p. 16, l. 20.)

"Her cheek bewrayes, that it had caught a kisse."
(p. 19, l. 10.)

There are other such *bits*. The lover's distraction and
perplexity as to how he is to 'write' to his beloved, is well
limned, and one pauses at this :

"Much like vnto a Player on a stage,
When he forgets the thing that he should doe,
As one distract doth *exit* in a rage,
That faine would act, but yet he knowes not how."
(p. 10, ll. 25-28.)

Toward the close there are touches of quaint pathos, that give an almost tragic tone to the summing-up of the story of betrayal and shame, as thus :

“ Then *Dido*-like she pearl’d the frame of Nature ;
When through the bulwarke of her crimson blood,
Deaths roaring cannon spoyles the worke and feature,
Breaking the stage whereon liues action stood.

But what is fate, if we conceiue with meafure ?
Who beares the badge of fortune, rules not her.
The deeds of men are voide at heauens pleasure :
Our doome decreed, we cannot mend, nor marre.”

(p. 31, ll. 11-18.)

You have thinking and bewildered emotion there. So earlier :

—— “ *Iouis* vniust, and giuen to deceyue ;
The world’s vnright, & subiect to defame.”

(p. 17, ll. 8-9.)

But, as previously remarked, whilst the substance of the Poem is in itself, though unequally, noticeable — albeit the story is not one that many would have elected for singing — it is the workmanship that chiefly commends itself. Rhyme and rhythm alike seem to me far in advance of the period, unless you compare it with admitted Masters. I have used the word ‘meretricious’ above. Perhaps it is over-severe ; for there is no pruriency, and it must be remembered that when he might have enlarged in a certain direction, the Poet restrains himself and exclaims :

—— “ suffers *Straton* to doe what he would :
Her mind is dauncing on this promist pleasure.
Away will I, (left *Pandor* proue I should).”

(p. 22, ll. 21-23.)

The rustic game of Barley-Breake, which gives the poem its name, was earlier and graphically described, by Sir Philip Sidney. I do not know that I can do better than transfer here his description and my relative note, thus :

—— “ she went abroad thereby.
At barley-brake her fweete swift foot to trie.
Neuer the Earth on his round shoulders bare

A maid train'd vp from high or low degree,
 That in her doings better could compare [equal
 Mirth with respect, few words with curtesie,
 A carelesse comlineffe with comely care,
 Selfe-gard with mildnesse, sport with maiestie :
 Which made her yeeld to deck this shepheard's band ;
 And still, beleue me, Strephon was at hand.

A-field they go, where manie lookers be,
 And thou seek-forrow Klaius them among :
 Indeed thou said'st it was thy friend to fee,
 Strephon, whose absence seem'd vnto thee long ;
 While most with her he lesse did keepe with thee.
 No, no, it was in spite of wifedome's song,
 Which absence wisht, Loue plai'd a victor's part ;
 The heauen-loue loadstone drew thy iron hart.

Then couples three be streight allotted there ;
 They of both ends, the middle two doe flie,
 The two that in mid place Hell, callèd were,
 Must strue with waiting foot and watching eye
 To catch of them, and them to Hell to beare,
 That they, as well as they, Hell may supplie :
 Like some which seeke to salue their blotted name
 With others' blott, till all doe taste of shame.

There may you see, soone as the middle two
 Doe couplèd towards either couple make,
 They false and fearefull do their hands vndoe,
 Brother his brother, friend doth friend forsake,
 Heeding himselfe, cares not how fellow do,
 But of a stranger mutuall help doth take,
 As periur'd cowards in aduersitie
 With sight of feare from friendes to fremb'd do flie.
 These sports shepheards deuizd such faults to show :"

On this I annotate :— 'Barly-brake. One of the commonest of rural games, and frequently alluded to. The text gives the best description of it known, and Gifford has followed it in his notes on Massinger *sub voce*. He has, however, omitted to say that, whatever the rules under which the couple in hell attacked and pursued the couple they single out, either of the pursued were saved by joining with one of the other out-couples of the opposite sex. From one of Herrick's Epigrams (*Hesperides*, 1648, p. 34), quoted by

Nares, it seems the couple in hell kissed ; and from this, and from the sarcasm in the line, 'Thus Pas did kiss her hand with little grace,' it may perhaps be gathered that this ceremony was gone through whenever a couple came together. If, as in kiss-in-the-ring, it were also performed when the pursuer captured the pursued, it would the more account for Klaius's jealous precaution. With regard to the name (Barly-brake), Dr. Brinsley Nicholson thus writes to me : 'As I do not see why the English game should be played in barley-fields more than elsewhere (see Nares and Jamieson), I venture to suggest a different derivation. Three words are used in English games to demand freedom from play ; when one requires to tie a shoestring, or the like. One is "Bar play," another "Law," and the third, which seems to be either a corruption of the first, or a combination of Bar, Law, is "Barly" or "Barley." Now, when two have joined as a couple in this game, they are, as above noted, freed from pursuit, out, as it were, of the game, and in a state of "Barley," while the effort of the hell-couple was to break that state.' It is somewhat in favour of Dr. Nicholson's suggested derivation, that it appears from the line,

"And all to fecond barly-break are bent,"

the same players playing, every chase that resulted in a change of a couple in hell was called a barley-break. So *Scotice*. (*Sidney's Complete Poems*, 3 vols.: vol. ii, pp. 132-5: Chatto and Windus.) In addition to references already given, it may be interesting to recall Sir John Suckling's lines commencing

"Love, Reason, Hate did once bespeak
Three mates to play at barley-break."

(*Fragmenta Aurea*, p. 24, 1646.)

Similarly, the Reader may turn up Braithwaite's *Natures Embassie*, pp. 203, 216 — charmingly reprinted by Roberts of Boston, Lincolnshire, recently. So too in his *Strappado*, pp. 169, 307. From his use of the word and hints on the game, it would appear that "barley-break" grew to be a

cant term, and meant what 'touzle' does in its most offensive sense. "Barley-break," and what Robert Burns so rapturously celebrates in his "Rigs o' Barley," did not, I fear differ, frequently. On the game and its associations, the present Poem sheds light, as well as on the lamentation of the old over a past golden age.

I would now return my sincere thanks to HENRY HUTH, Esq., of London, for his kindness in permitting me the use of his all but *unique* exemplar of "Barley-break,"—only another being known, viz., at Bridgewater House. It is a poorly-printed book, and on poor tea-paperish paper, in striking contrast with the beauty of all Breton's books. It is a small 4to of 16 leaves. Curiously enough a tail-piece at the end, is neatly designed and engraven, so much so that I have had it re-done by Langton of Manchester for this re-production. A few Notes and Illustrations are added. The text, as usual, is exact to the original.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry,
Blackburn, Lancashire.*



BARLEY- breake,

OR,

A Warning for Wantons.

Written by W. N. Gent.



Printed at London by *Simon Stafford*,
dwelling in the Cloth-fayre, neere
the red Lyon. 1607.

TO THE VERTVOVS AND

chaste Maiden, Mistresse *Eliz. C.* daughter to
the VVorshipfull Rob. C. Esquire, yours
in seruice *W. N.* wisheth all fortunes
smiles, with the dew of im-
mortall felicitie.



L*T is not vnknowne (right vertuous) a-
mongst the wise, the fillie Oaten pipe,
winded by a rurall Shepheard, under
a shadowing Hawthorne, sprouting on
a champion mountaine, hath beene as
highly esteemed, as the curious strained Lute, founded
by the cunning Musician in the richest chamber of the
Court of the most potentate Princes, and that a fillie
braunch rest from an Oliue tree, hath beene as accep-
table, as the most precious perle dragd from the sands
of the Ocean. Then, seeing the zeale lyeth not in the
gift, but in the giuer: I shall entreat you as gratefully
to accept this my Treatise, as I deliuer it, not for the
worth, but as a testimonie of the zeale and duety from
me belonging; which so long time I haue studied how to
manifest. And thus hoping there shall be nothing
herein construed contrarie to my simple meaning, nei-
ther my presumption held in disdaine, I end, though
not forgetting my bounden duety to your VVorship-
full Parent and my very good friend, to whom if this
my Pamphlet may cause mirth, as an Arbour
iest, it hath his desire, and my hopes
accomplished.*

A 2

BARLEY-BREAKE:

OR,

A Warning for Wantons.



Pon *Arcadia's* greene and fertile plaine,
Where fnowie girles doe feede their prettie
lambes,
Where *Pan* and *Faunus* as the chiefeft raigne,
The onely wonder of *Dame Natures* hands :

Old *Elpin* with his sweete and louely May
Would oft prepare (as Pastorals vie to doe)
To keepe their sheep, that none might go astray,
And from the Woolues, that silly flocks purfue.

And to a shade he her would often call,
To shrowd her from the splendour of the sunne,
Leauing his flocke vnto the charge of Bawle,
A trustie Curre, and wondrous well could runne.

There would he talke of things done long agoe,
When gods on earth disdaind not sheepe to feed :
O then (quoth he) great grace from heauen did grow,
And *Pan* himfelfe mask't in a shepheards weede.

Then *Hate*, and *Enuie*, all to totters went,
That now goes pampred vp in filke and gold,
Then milke and cheefe the chiefeft might content,
And garments best, that best could shun the cold :

Then new wrought ditches kept no Commons in,
Nor goodly Okes deuour'd in *Vulcans* forge :
Ceres of *Pan* the conquest could not win,
The stately Stagge in groues might fill his gorge :

A 3

Then

Barley-Breake, or

Then one in others rights would not intrude,
But each lamented at his neighbours paine :
None gaue a cause to sue or to be fu'de,
The weight of conscience wanted not a graine.

By pleafant fprings the young and youthfull fort
Would fit and talke of their vnfained loue,
Whose fimple truth would in a word report
More faith and zeale, then in an age we proue.

Why, Parents then would let their children goe
To plaies and reuells both by night and day ;
Where now they dread & feare their ouerthrow :
For rape and murder lurke in euery way.

A Shepheard then secure might lye and sleepe,
Hauing a care his victuall were not stole
By Wolues and Curs that in the hillocks keepe,
And range abroad, while *Somnus* gaines the gole.

Thus would he fill his daughter with a fount,
Whilst she poore girle did fee her mates at play :
His words againe might very well rebound :
For why, her minde was fix'd another way.

But on a time the Lads and Laffes came,
Entreating *Elpin* that she might goe play.
He faid she should (*Euphema* was her name)
And then denies : yet needs she must away.

To *Barley-breake* they roundly then 'gan fall :
Raimon, *Euphema* had vnto his mate :
For by a lot he won her from them all :
Wherefore young *Streton* doth his fortune hate.

But yet ere long he ran and caught her out,
And on the backe a gentle fall he gaue her.

It

A warning for wantons.

It is a fault which iealous eyes spie out,
A maide to kisse before her iealous father.

Old *Elpin* smiles, but yet he frets within.
Euphema faith, she was vniustly cast.
She striues, he holds, his hand goes out, and in :
She cries, Away, and yet she holds him fast,

Till sentence giuen by an other maid,
That she was caught according to the law :
The voice whereof this ciuill quarrell staid,
And to his make each lusty lad 'gan draw.

Euphema now with *Streton* is in hell :
(For so the middle roome is alwaies cald)
He would for euer, if he might, there dwell ;
He holds it blisse with her to be inthralld.

The other run, and in their running change :
Streton 'gan catch, and then let go his hold.
Euphema, like a Doe, doth swiftly range,
Yet taketh none, although full well she could.

And winks on *Streton*, he on her 'gan smile,
And faine would whisper something in her eare.
She knew his mind, and bid him vse a wile,
As she ran by him, so that none did heare.

Some other pastimes then they would begin ;
And to locke hands one doth them all assummon.
Varietie is good in euery thing,
Excepting onely Gods and earthly women.

Then hand in hand they make a circle round,
And with a napkin one must goe about,
And looke behinde what lad, this same is found,
Must run to take her that so markt him out.

A 4

And

Barley-breake, or

And first, *Euphema* doth begin the chace,
When *Almon* thought she would haue him assign'd :
But she of *Streton* doth require the race,
And by the Napkin shewes to him her mind.

She runs about, and tripping falls along.
(A tricke of maides vs'd when they lose their honour)
Her Father cries, Nay, let her haue no wrong,
When *Streton* nosling stumbleth out vpon her.

The lasses laugh : but *Elpin* he doth frowne,
And sweares by *Pan*, the play was too too bad.
Euphema sayes, her frocke did throw her downe.
Streton would faigne ; but no excuse he had.

The play doth end, and *Elpin* will away :
Yet they entreat him still to stay awhile :
But all their sute may him no longer stay,
And with a whistle calls away his childe.

She goes, and going, bids them all farewell,
Vnlesse 'twere *Streton*, whom she would not see :
She feares her face, as she might very well :
For lookes in women oftentimes tell-tales bee.

She beares the scrip, her Father beares the bottle,
And to their flocke they soberly 'gan pafe,
And by the way he doth begin to prattle,
Saying, that maids to play with boyes is base.

Seest thou (quoth he) that rude and ruffling Swaine.
Surnamed *Streton*, how he did him behaue ?
I tell thee, Chucke, thy Father doth disdaine,
To see his child so ruffled by a knaue :

And were it not I loue in peace to liue,
My Crab-tree staffe should read to him thy wrong :
The

A warning for wantons.

The day I knew, when one the like should giue,
With halfe a word I had him laid along.

It makes no matter : let the sawce-boxe goe,
And euer after marke him what he is,
Running his race whilst that the hemp doth grow,
He hath good lucke, if he the gibbet misse.

Long haue I liu'd, yet could I neuer see
One of his lookes, but had a shamefull end,
And like a bird deceased on a tree.
And so will he, if time be not his friend.

But pray hereafter come not where he is :
Such company discredit often brings
To honest maides, that nothing doe amisse,
And breeds a fame that neuer shuts her wings.

By this they were arriued on the plaine,
Where Bawle salutes them with a gentle howle.
The Sunne being set, the day was in the waine.
Too whit, too who, cries out the broad-fac'd *Owle*.

Along a valley then the flocke she driues,
Vnto a cottage fenced with a wall,
To saue the lambs from wolues & sculking theeues,
And such as in the fylent night doe proale.

A little tilt stoode by the sheep-cote side,
Whereunto super-solemnly they goe :
Bawle had a lambe that in the yawning dide,
Which the olde man preferued from the crow.

The cloth is laid vpon *Euphemas* lap,
Their meate was grapes and fine delicious plummes,
A roasted *Crab* in milke was made a sop,
Which *Elpin* eates, his teeth had left his gummes.

B

Where

Barley-breake, or

Where we will leaue them to their feaft. and bed,
Which after fupper they entend to fee,
And treat of Cratchets now in *Stretons* head :
Vpon the mountaines reftleffe wanders he.

His sheepe, for him, might all at riot run,
And fold themfelues, or elfe do what they would :
He feares no woe, he dreads no loffe to come,
The Shepheardesse hath all his thoughts in hold :

His studie is, which way he might contriue
A place and time, where they might fit confer,
And how he might a caufe fufficient giue,
To make his loue and paffion knowne to her.

One while he thinkes to fend his grieve in rime,
And therein praife her cruell conquering eyes :
But then he feares ſhe will ſome error finde :
For ſhe was faire, and therewith paſſing wife.

Then thinkes he on what words he ſhould depend,
If he ſhould hap to finde a time and place :
One was too meane, another to no end ;
This word obſcure, and that was too too baſe.

In the conclufion, he doth beate his braine,
When through the matter he hath ſwiftly run :
Then all afreſh begin doth he againe,
As farre to ſeeke as when he firſt begun.

Much like vnto a Player on a ſtage,
When he forgets the thing that he ſhould doe,
As one diſtraçt doth *exit* in a rage,
That faine would act, but yet he knowes not how.

Perplexed thus, he ſpends the ſilent night,
Vntill *Aurora* with a bluſhing red,

Comes

A warning for wantons.

Comes as a Herald to proclayme the light
Of heauens bright taper rising from his bed.

And then e're long, he might afarre perceauē
Old *Elpin's* dogge come driuing of the flocke ;
Whereat the champion mountaines he 'gan leaue,
And by the way he shrouds behinde a rocke,

Where he might see, and yet might not be seene,
Old *Elpin* and his pretie snowy maid,
Louingly paceyng vp alongst the greene,
Vnto the mountaine, where Bawle for them staid :

And to a shade, where they did vse to fit,
(For by this time the Sun was got on high)
Prepare they did to shun the scorching heate :
The Ewes 'gan feede, the lambes are frikking by.

And *Elpin* now some storie will reuiue,
To feast the time as it did passe along ;
And from *Calisto* he doth it deriue,
And *Iupiter*, and of *Calistos* wrong.

One tale (quoth he) will steale the day away,
Whilst that our flocke in shadow chew the cud :
Then of a Nymph my purpose is to fay ;
But not of her whom *Ioue* bare on the flood,

Nor yet of her that caught was fetching water,
Nor yet of her whom *Nessus* earst did wrong,
Nor yet of her whom *Iason* so did flatter,
Nor of the three that *Cacus* kept so long :

Nor of the Queene that *Carthage* did inclose ;
Nor will I speake of faire *Lucrecias* rape,
Ne tell a storie of the *Albion* Rose,
Nor IO yet, of Cow that had the shape.

B 2

Though

- *Barley-breake, or*

Though all of these defloured were by men,
And each a warning to withstand disgrace,
And maides to shunne occasion offered them,
By guilefull harts that beare a flattring face :

Yet of a Nimph, *Calisto* hight, tis she,
From whose mishap our Countrey tooke this name,
I doe intend my story whole shall be :
So note the sequell, and record the same.

Old Elpins tale to his daughter.

WHEN *Dian* in these deserts held her Court,
Calisto, faire of fairest, her attended,
To whom Dame *Nature* lent so rich a port,
That all her glory on her was depended.

Her curled lockes like streames on golden sands,
Her face cast in the mold of true perfection,
Her Swan-like breft, her Alabafter hands,
A stately gate, a body past description ;

This Nimph in colour that did staine the Rose,
Ioue in his youth downe from *Olympus* spide,
Within whose breft conceit of fancie growes,
And forting time when *Iuno* was aside,

Left *Atlas* burden, and to earth doth hie,
Where fates and fortune in his rage are curst,
Where he 'twixt heat and seruent cold doth frie,
And in deepe passion out these words doth thrust :

Am I (quoth he) the high supreme of gods,
Great King of heaven, *Neptunes* elder brother ?
Drown'd I the earth, made Sea-nimphes dwel in woods,
Displac'd *Saturnus*, was Queene *Opes* my mother ?

Tush,

A warning for wantons.

Tuff, tis not so : 'tis faign'd , I am no *Ioue* :
Prerogatiues yeeld vnto *Ioue* all mirth,
And may command, not humbly sue for loue :
Yet 'tis a fault to play fuch pranckes on earth :

Yet all is one, loue needs must be obaid.
Goe, *Cupid*, yeeld thy father his desire :
Let *Iuno* frowne, I must enioy the maid :
Let Scepter fall, and credit too expire.

With that, in hafte a damzels robes he takes,
Wherein himfelfe with curious hands he decks,
And Virgine-like each point and parcell makes,
And on his cheekke a colour chafte doth fixe :

His head adorn'd with precious ftones and perle,
About his necke a comely falling band,
A frocke of filke, much like the Nunnes apparell,
Which fit him ferues for this his freake in hand :

White veluet bufkins ftrapt with *Indian* gold,
Wherein his legs with feemely Art he pens.
Thus hauing fet each thing in comely fold,
Vnto *Dianas* temple forthwith wends,

And by the way, with bended knees he tries
To curfie, and refine a Nymph-like voice,
From grofer brest, for feare of prying fpies,
His tongue to frame both ciuill words and choice.

He finds the Goddeffe with her veftall traine,
With hunting habite walking in a vale ;
To whom a tale demurely he doth faine,
Not with a blufhing, but with vifage pale,

Reporting that fhe was a *Grecian* borne,
And further, was the daughter of a King,

B 3

Whofe

Barley-breake, or

Whose chaff desires had made her been forlorne
Of kin and countrey ; and with that doth bring

Learned examples for the virgine life,
Whose contemplation highly past all other :
Not tedious chat, but all in comely brieft,
She craues the goddesse leaue to liue together.

Who gladly graunts, and by the hand her takes,
And next *Calisto* kindly doth embrace her.
For ioy whereof *Ioues* futtle inwards quakes,
Whose hopes depended wholly to deface her.

Vnto the Cloyster, all in feemly ray,
For to install this new-elected Nun,
This sacred traine with Musicke take the way,
Where, with importance euery rite is done.

Looke how a Foxe, when he intends to take
A silly lambe ; his purpose to obtaine,
Staukes farre at first, for feare some dogs awake,
Then neere and neere, till he the lambe hath flaine.

So walkes flye *Ioue* with his *Calisto* forth,
A furlong first, the next day three or foure,
Then backe againe, with tales of note and worth,
Some fetcht from heauen, and some from earth far lower.

So long at last vnto a shadow groue
They straid, so farre out of sound or cry.
Which thing well noted of dissembling *Ioue*,
Soone fate him downe the faire *Calisto* by ;

As who would say, Let's rest : for walkes are weary.
Where laughing, they claspe eithers iuory hands,
Prooue strength of armes, as maids will being merry,
Clip wrefts, draw lots, meat waistes with filken bands.
And

A warning for wantons.

And now although the game began in sport,
The silly Nymph rude earnest doth sustaine :
It's vaine to striue, or use the womens arte,
Screeke out, or struggle, prayers are but vaine.

Ioue shewes himselfe, but to *Calistos* grieve,
He her deflour'd, and straight to heauen flies,
Where he doth kisse Queene *Iuno* his iealous wife,
To blind the scape from her all-watchfull eyes.

Calisto maid, a maid ? nay, there I lyde,
The snowy one, who was a maid ere while,
Tis she (I meane) whose fortunes are descryde,
Lamenting sits, that euen now did smile.

The day was gone, and *Phobus* maskt his face,
The antike world is shut in robes of night :
Yet she poore soule, bewayling still her case,
Asham'd henceforth to gaze vpon the light.

Yet in the end she doth recall to mind,
That what was past, no wight the act did know,
And that close action much the world doth blind.
All are not maids that virgins are in show.

Considering this, she wipes her blubbered eyes,
And charg'd with feare, she mends her ruffled clothes,
And for excuse, her wits she doth surpriſe
For her delay ; so to the Cloyster goes,

As light as euer Nymph or damzel trod :
No change of fortune may *Diana* spy ;
No marke is seene of any foyle she had ;
Front bolt-vpright, she neuer stept awry :

And making there (as wily women can)
Excuse worth credit for her long delay,

B 4

Reporting

Barley-breake, or

Reporting that a fauage monfter came,
And fiercely tooke her fifter Nymph away ;

Much care and forrow was conceiu'd thereat.
But you may note, that damfels waile not euer :
Time wore the memorie of it out of date,
And ioy, like fpring time, was received thither,

Calisto, blithe as ſhe that merrieſt was,
Ioues thunder-bolts are paſt, ſhe nothing fees,
Ne dreameth of her gowne late made of graſſe,
Her gowne of greene ſhe got of *Ioue* in fieldes :

But ſpendeth, as her wonted cuſtome was,
With *Phæbes* Nymphs, her time in hunting ſport,
So long, untill ſhe filly one, alas,
Might plaine perceiue her lace come home too ſhort :

And day by day this lace a mayle doth bate.
The cauſe whereof, conceit may not her tell ;
Till on a day, as by a fount ſhe fate,
Againſt the funne ſhe ſpies her belly ſwell.

At ſight hereof, pale feare her hart intralleth ;
Her Roſe-like cheekes, that lately dim'd the Roſe,
Wan gaſtly white, like curtens, ouer-valeth,
And falling backe, to weeping freſh ſhe goes.

Poore filly foule, I moane in heart to thinke,
How ſhe with teares her luckleſſe caſe bewailed,
And how from care & patience ſhe 'gan ſhrinke,
And in deepe paſſion on the god out-rayl'd,

And twentie times with winged ſhaft ſhe threats,
Moſt desperately her fobbing breaſt to ſlay :
But horror of her ghottly reſt
To hold ; and thus vnto her ſe



. frame.

Then

Barley-breake, or

But wherefore beat I thus the fencelesse ayre?
Why warble I these vaine and frutelesse words,
Whilst he relentlesse Leatcher keepes him there,
Where he's supreme, and pittie none affords?

Why doe I not complaine vnto the gods?
Calisto, doe; let him beare shame with thee:
Shew him he did betray thee to the woods;
Let *Iuno* know how he hath dealt with me.

Yet, foolish wench, tis vaine, if so thou thinke,
That to thy plaints the gods will credit giue:
Noe, they will rather at his falshood winke:
Thy information they will not beleue.

Like stormes on plaines, with threats hee'le beare thee
A silly lambe a Lyon cann't defame? (downe.
Heele vnto tortures haue thee drag'd and bound,
If thou his scapes shouldst once detect or name.

And thus (God wot) doe mountaines take their freakes,
But euermore poore mole-hils beare the blame.
The *Owle* may see the haughty *Eagle*'s scapes:
But none durst one accuse him for the fame.

His said, she spies *Diana* with her traine,
With course directed to a fountaine, where
The loftie trees coole shadow doth containe,
Where she did vse to wash her body bare.

Faine would she hide: but *Dian* she espies,
And called her, whose heaft she doth obey;
And standing vp, she wipes her watery eyes,
And to the fountaine with them takes the way.

Good God, what tis for silly maides to shift,
When conscience writes some action in the cheek! She

A warning for wantons.

She hangs the head, her eyes she durst not lift
Vp from the ground : the ayre she did not like.

The Nymph, that euer by *Dianas* side
Went cheeke by iowle, bearing a stately part,
Now lurkes behind, not willing to be ey'd,
Byting her lips, as one asham'd in hart.

Which cauf'd a muttring 'mongst the virgine rout,
And some supposed she had stept amisse :
Her very count'nance may diffolue the doubt,
Her cheeke bewrayes, that it had caught a kisse.

But being come vnto the siluer streame,
Where naked all attend to wash the Queene,
Calistos robes no more may hide her shame :
Ioues futtle freak's apparent to be feene.

Calistos griefe is publike to their eyes ;
Her slender hands may not her belly hide.
The goddesse spies, and therewith out she cryes,
Strumpet, auaunt, thy whoredome is descride.

The Nymphs all shouted : but the forry one
On bended knees desires to be heard :
But hopelesse soule, attention had she none.
For her exile their voyces all accord.

Away she goes, as one expeld from Court,
And liues in deferts, as a wight forlorne,
Where, to the world (as ancient fame reports)
And to her woe, was hayrie *Arcas* borne.

From whom *Arcadia* tooke at first the name :
The Sonne of *Ioue*, a *Satire* first became :
The angry *Iuno*, to augment her fame,
Vpon the Nymph a Bearish shape doth frame.

C 2

Then

Barley-breake, or

Then *Ioue*, to shewe his glory to the earth,
And prooue him King of what the Fates had giuen,
He takes *Calisto*, to requite his mirth,
And of her makes a fixed signe in heauen.

N O sooner had he breathed out this tale,
A distance off his hollow eyes descryes
Young *Streton* running vp alongst a vale,
And vnto them, Away, away he cryes :

Your doores are ope, and theeues your treafure gaynes,
Your Pannes and Tankards all are tane away,
Yea, not so much as one Treene Dish remaynes.
Now woe (quoth *Elpin*) to the time and day :

And therewith starting on his withered limmes,
As one distract, in haste doth homeward hie :
Eupheme, as if she had the swallowes wings,
Before her Father downe the hill doth flie.

Which seene by *Streton*, he doth backe returne,
And to the woods directly he 'gan take,
As who would say, The theeues are this way run.
Euphema swiftly after him doth make,

And through the Laborinth pathes and waies obscure,
This wily Marchant now his streamers bended,
Vntill arriuing where he might secure
Strike sayle, and shew the maid what he intended,

The winde conspiring with his base desire,
Ere long, to harbour brings his hoped prize.
Of fence bereft, and life like to retire,
Amazde she stands in most afflicted wife,

When he to draw her from that fearefull plight,
Whereby he might the better her inlure,

Sweares

A warning for wantons.

Swears All is well : and that he v'de this flight,
To bring her where he might safe and secure,

Without the circuit of her Fathers eye,
Conferre with her, and manifest his loue:
And therewith pitched on his faithlesse knee,
Befeeching her, she would no Tygresse proue,

And that she would vouchsafe to graunt him grace,
Linking affection with his faithfull zeale.
O let (quoth he) the brightnesse of that face,
Salue vp the fore that nothing else can heale.

Let vs begin a Theame for after-time,
Whereon the Poets may their Muses cheere,
Blazing thy beautie with the zeale of mine :
So shalt thou liue, when Fates thy thread shall teare.

The bealed birdes, as we by riuers fit,
Shall in their language of our loue report,
Whilst fragrant flowers shall imbrace thy feete,
And frisking lambes doe skip to make vs sport.

What haughtie Shepheard, what neat spangled Goatresse,
What ruffling Neat-heard, dagled mayd with payle ?
What Nymph, what Nun, or what disdainesfull Votresse,
Shall not plucke downe and strike to thee the fayle :

When thou art clad in robes of younglings wool,
When thou hast Rosés strowed at thy feete,
When stockes & stones, and each dead saples Mull
Shall skip and daunce, when thou on them shalt sit :

When thou shalt feede on Oliues, Nuts, and plummés,
Delicious Figs and Almonds finely peel'd,
The Muses food, such as of Violets comes,
With drinke forth of the purest grape distil'd :

C 3.

When

Barley-breake, or

When Pinkes and Cowslips, shall be made a bed,
Vpon whose gentle leaues secure wee'le sleepe,
Lockt one to other, whilst red lips doe wed,
Inuiron'd with armes, brefts sweete kissing meete,

Caft ouer with a vail of beautious Lillyes,
Vpon which mantle shall curiously be drawne
A thousand stories by renown'd *Apelles*,
Where we will see how louing foules doe fawne.

If those delights, with many thousand more,
May in thy brest moue matter of regard,
Let me no longer thus distrest implore :
But with a smile my loyall loue reward.

With that, he takes her by the Iuory hand,
And filent stands to heare her make reply ;
When that her lookes giue him to vnderstand,
That womens thoughts doe on such subjects lye.

And shee with filent motion giues consent,
Not noting once the fraud of golden showres,
Nor how too late, betrayed maides repent
Themselues, in suffring men to plucke their flowres,

But suffers *Streton* to doe what he would :
Her mind is dauncing on this promist pleafure.
Away will I, (left Pandor proue I should)
Leauing *Euphema* to repent by leafure.

And now of *Elpin*, whom we touch't before,
That home was run, deluded with a wile,
And view'd his house, his windowes and his dore,
Whilst crafty *Streton* stole his blisse the while.

And when his eyes, the messengers of ioy,
Had backe return'd the tidings of no wrong,

With

A warning for wantons.

With hems, and sighs, he shakes away annoy,
And to the deserts 'gan he passe along ;

Where all that day he spends in whoopes and calls :
But from his child the ayre doth nothing lend,
When greater dread his trembling heart intrals,
Supposing that she had *Adonis* end.

And when the clouds had masked the face of heauen,
And cole-black shade, the subject of all illnesse,
Had full possessed the seate that time had giuen,
And in her mantle wrapt vp all in stilnesse,

He fate him downe, girt with extremeſt woe.
O, why did Nature such affection breed,
That parents eyes with teares should ouerflow,
And dim their glasseſſes for their gracelesſe feed ?

For after he with sighs had toll'd her knell,
And clenſd the brooke of groues that ſtaid the flood,
With wringed hands, Aduē (quoth he) farewell,
The onely comfort of my withered blood :

Farewell the face, that duld the fatall knife,
Farewell the brest, that heaued out such layes,
Farewell the shield and target of my life,
Farewell the whole supporter of my dayes :

And welcome thou blacke miſtres of the night,
In thy ſad armes let me alwaies sleepe :
O let me not reuiue to ſee the light,
O let the Sunne beneath for euer keepe :

And from the darke and hideous ſcowling clouds,
Powre stormes of vengeance on this curſed place ;
Blow Northerne blaſts, and ſcatter downe theſe ſhrouds,
Eare vp the roots from *Terras* pampered face :

C 4

Difrobe

Barley-breake, or

Difrobe her of her rich and spangled vale,
Kill vp her younglings, leuell hils with plaines,
Rent rocks and mountaines, stop each pleasant well,
Heaue *Tiber* streames aboue his curbing raines.

Let dreadfull lightnings burne the fragrant greenes,
O let the Violet die with all the rest ;
Die, stately Beech, and Oakes forbid your rines ;
Let euery hearbe reueale his mothers brest :

And *Philomele*, of *Tereus* cease to sing,
And here, with me a deeper note renue,
Bid *Progne* come, and we her knell will ring,
We liuing, bore a sugred straine with you.

O *Tarquin*, death, and Fates of puissant power,
You might haue let my poore *Euphema* liu'd,
And prey'd on me, that longs to view the howre,
Wherein the Iudge shall dreadfull sentence giue.

The date of all my pleasant dayes are done,
The stage is broke that held my Comedie,
My fun is set, my glasse of life is run :
O *Atropos*, come act a Tragedie.

O hard mishap, past helpe or hope of cure !
O lucklesse Fate ! O haplesse chaunce of mine !
Yet in despite her name shall still indure,
Grauen on the face of euery outward rine.

Whilst mountaines shall low vales and meads furuay,
Whilst *Itis* shall his mothers deeds rehearse,
Whilst *Tagus* sands shall scorne at *Scillas* clay,
Whilst doues shall bill, or Poets sing in verse,

My Pipe shall found fad Musicke to the ayre,
Whilst I with clamors cracke the loftie skies,

When

A warning for wantons.

When stately streames their courses shall forbear,
And gazing stand; to heare what I deuise.

With that, vnto a Sackbut 'gan he giue
Sufficient matter to expresse his woe,
Whose dolefull founds the Eccho did receiue,
That to his moanes the fyluan beafts did moo ;

And through the night he floted on his teares,
Vntill arriuing at the gladfome day,
When hurling winds present his watchfull eares,
With dying grones from out a caue therby :

Whereat he ran, as hungry of the caufe,
Driuen by desire, directed by the found,
He shunnes no shrub, he feares no thickets clawes ;
No bush nor hedge can make him once rebound ;

Vntill within a Caue he might descry
His owne pourtrayture both in woe and age,
A man, whose griefe had wrung his fountaynes dry,
And on his wrinckled cheekes the teares 'gan lodge,

Dry'd with the winde in euery creft and feame,
Like as a Riuer of her spring depriu'd,
When on her face she beares a slime or creame,
A shroud to shew the world he is vnliu'd.

Which seene by *Elpin*, he doth soone accuse
Himselfe, for that he could not so lament,
And craues of him the subiect to vnlofe,
That so had made his eyes thus traiect bent.

Elpin, and Stretons Father.

N E're shalt thou find (quoth *Elpin*) one more fit,
To whom thou mayst a dolefull tale impart,
Then I, that can in like accords thee quit,
And passe no detter for a bleeding hart.

D

And

Barley-breake, or

And therefore shew the role of this thy care,
Shew out the burden of thy warbling hart,
And vnto thee I likewise will declare
As sad a tale in euery point and part.

So may one helpe another in a straine :
Ile sigh, whilst thou deliverest out thy grieve ;
And thou shalt pittie, whilst my part doth rayne,
And meete at last both with a weary life.

HEreat the other pleased seem'd to be,
And by the hand he *Elpin* doth inuite
To sit by him, beside an Oaken tree,
Whose burly branches kept the Caue from light.

And after they vpon a brace of pipes,
Had many sollow mournfull tunes o'rerunne,
The scarlet eyes of one the other wipes,
When *Elpins* mate his tale he thus begun :

Stretons Fathers tale.

THe cause I moane, is not for any losse,
If reason might dame Natures error master :
But follies bred within the bones of vs,
Stand farre without the cure of wisdomes plaster.

And where affection buyldes her habitation,
Admit it be in ne're so base a foyle,
What counsell can with strongest protestation,
Withdraw it forth, or ease vs of that toyle ?

My felfe, whom age should bynde in Wisdomes lore,
And through experience tread the path that's best,
May not refraine from that which makes me fore,
But loue the vulture that doth gnaw my breft.

A gracelesse sonne, an off-spring of my bloud,
In whom my youth had stored vp his ioy,

To

A warning for wantons.

To be a comfort when I nothing cou'd,
Hath stolne my Goats, and packt himselfe away,

And tane with him a wily wanton maid,
Euphema hight, whom I this present morne
Found in his lap, as she asleepe was laid,
Whilst he with flowers did her head adorne,

And at my showing suddenly arose,
And in a moment flung out of my sight,
And hither came (at leaft I so suppose)
And in this caue I hop't on them to light.

Elpins answere to Stretons Father.

ENough, enough, too much : oh, say no more,
(Quoth weary *Elpin*) thou hast poysoned me :
Forbeare, forbeare to rub me on that fore,
That inward bleeds, and may not cured be.

Thy Goats ? my girle, hath one felon stolne ;
Accurst for one, and damned for the other :
Woe to the day and place where he was borne ;
Shame to his father, and horreur to his mother.

Stretons Fathers reply.

CEase, bawling catife, I thy words disdaine,
Quoth *Stretons* Father, shame be to thy selfe :
If she be thine, she is as lewd as mine :
Then cease to dote so on a wanton elfe.

The fathers loue the child to ill doth harden,
When that it stands so publike she may view it,
Whereby prefuming on her Fathers pardon,
She iumps so far, till she with shame doth rue it.

They both are naught, so naught let both them run :
One day they'le wish they had kept parents rules :

D 2

An

Barley-breake, or

An aged eye can oft see things to come,
When greener heads account vs doating fooles.

Put vp thy Pipe ; let's get us to our flockes :
And let them gad, till they repentance catch :
When *Hyems* shall vpon them shake his lockes,
Their grazing feaft will haue a wearish tatch.

When filuer showres congeale to hardned hayle,
When pleafant meads conuert to marifh ground,
When ftately trees of fap their leaues shall fayle,
Or when the wind shall tumble *Progne* downe ;

Then shall we fee our Graffe-hoppers to come,
And with the words of mercy cloy our eares,
When foolifh we with pittie ouercome,
Shall fondly fhead a thoufand pardoning teares.

Whereat they rofe, and fighing tooke their way
Vnto the mountaine where the Shepheards plaid,
Where woefull *Elpin* paffed many a day,
In deepe laments for his too carelefse maid.

And on a time, as he alone was fate,
Neere to a fountaine or a liuely fpring,
Unto a Pipe made of a ramping Oate,
With ftrained voice he loudly thus 'gan fing.

Elpins Song.

THe harfhie rockes are all to totters rent,
The friking lambs haue left their wonted playes,
Faïre *Philomela* is dombe and difcontent,
The fcowling clouds abbridge our fun-shine dayes.

The feemely Lilly hangs her louely head,
The Violet dies, with the Carnation white ;
Faïre Marigold infolds no more her feede,
The fragrant Rose is withered with defpight :

The

A warning for wantons.

The earth is barren, ciuilitie is dombe,
Our brightest daies are foggie, foule and blacke :
O time it is, O time, when wilt thou come,
And shew the Lambe, whose comming many lacke ?

ANd ending this, though more he would haue fung,
Had not *Euphema* to his sight appeard,
Who at his feete with hands together wrung,
And wombe bewraying what within it bea'd,

Lies pleading for remission of her fact,
With vowed promise to transgresse no more,
Whose sudden sight her Fathers life-strings crackt,
And falling downe, he ended his implore.

Well might she waile : but death his owne will keepe ;
Well might she rocke and strocke her Fathers corfe :
Well might she sit her downe by him and weepe,
That 'twixt them twaine pale death had made diuorce.

Now stands she speechlesse, choakt with inward woe,
And with her hands her Iuorie breft doth beate,
Curfing in hart what brought her hereunto.
Thus women will, but when it is too late.

And then on *Streton* she 'gan lowd exclaime,
Who had forsaken her in this her neede,
Leauing a marke for shame to take her aime.
The vulgar fruit that springs from wanton feede.

Euphemas Lamentation.

WAS I (quoth she) the chiefe *Arcadian* maid ?
Was I the wardrop of my Fathers treasure ?
I was, I was : but all's at riot laid.
My iewel's changed for a fruitlesse pleasure.

D 3

O,

Barley-breake, or

O, heare I not the birds bewray my fact ?
O, see I not the flockes abhorre my fight ?
Behold, behold, the world lothing thy act :
See how they scorne, who in thee tooke delight.

Then looke on, you, whom *Iasons* would allure,
See here the Musicke of a yeelding song :
Read what it is to build on vowes impure.
The sweetest words containe oft greatest wrong.

Beautie, without the ornament of honour ;
Is like a Rose whom Spiders have bereft,
The pure sweete odour time bestowd vpon her,
Loth'd of the Bees when hony none is left,

And pittied as a Deare amongst an heard,
When he with foyle hath al him ouer-dight,
Whose company they will not once afford,
But beate him hence, as lothing such a fight.

But whereunto doe I this breath applie ?
Why draw I thus the pourtraict of my fate ?
Why rather doe I not despaire and die,
And cancell vp my life with honours date ?

Now that base lust lies publike, voide of harbour,
Spreading abroad the ensigne of transgression,
Now vertuous triumphs haue forooke the harbour,
Leauing the seate where shame hath ta'ne possession :

Prepare, vaine flesh, you that conspir'd with shame,
Ope wide your veines to let out wanton streames,
Resolue, resolue to die. And with the same,
An armed blade euen at her brest she aimes.

Looke, how a villen toucht with consciences dart,
When at his feete he lies, whom he would slay,

Puts

A warning for wantons.

Puts forth his hand, and then repents in hart,
Now vowes to strike, but horror bids him stay :

Euen fo her hand the knife pluckes to and fro,
Fearing to hurt the bosome which it loues,
Whilst feare and scorne threats each others woe,
One crying, Stab ; the other still reproues.

Thus standing in suspenſe 'twixt life and death ;
Death arguing feare, life crying out dishonour :
When resolution hating lothed breath,
Confutes pale feare to let in death vpon her.

Then *Dido*-like ſhe pearf'd the frame of Nature ;
When through the bulwarke of her crimson blood,
Deaths roaring cannon ſpoyles the worke and feature,
Breaking the ſtage whereon liues action ſtood.

But what is fate, if we conceiue with meaſure ?
Who beares the badge of fortune, rules not her.
The deeds of men are voide at heauens pleaſure :
Our doome decreed, we cannot mend, nor marre.

Whilst thus her blood the ſcornefull earth embrac'd,
Before the ſet of liues declining ſun,
The caitife *Streton* being thither chac'd
By Wolues, and Beares, whoſe force he fought to ſhun,

And looking round which way he beſt might take,
His eyes did ſpy this diſmall ſpectacle,
The ſight whereof made ioynts and ſynewes ſhake.
And as he gaz'd, behold a miracle.

Thoſe ſauage beaſts, whoſe iawes he fought to flie,
Had in a moment compaſt him about,
As who would ſay, Villaine, behold her die.
And therewithall the ayre and wood throughout

D 4

Did

Barley-breake.

Did ring and found with noyse of beafts and birds,
Who at him bay'd and star'de as at an *Owle* :
Kites, Crowes, and Buzzards, Iayes, with woluifh heards,
Rookes, Pies, and Oopes, and each deuouring fowle.

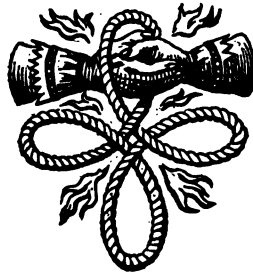
Amongst the rest, a blacke and filthie bird
Sate on a skrange, and cries, A rope, a rope.
Whose ougly voyce to *Streton* plaine was heard :
And seeing hope of life stood past all hope,

Aloud replies, A rope ? why, I haue none :
If die I must, come sunder these my quarters.
A prating Parrot sitting all alone,
Him answere makes, Goe hang thee in thy garters.

With that, in haste his garters he puts off.
A nimble Ape his topman strait will bee,
And hangs vp *Streton*, whilst a Monkie did scoffe,
Crying, good fruite, good fruite doth beare the tree.

The *Owle* forth-with a solemne dirge doth sing :
With that, the Rauen seaz'd vpon his eyes.
His funerall condold, and euery thing,
They left his bones a banquet for the flies.

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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- Page 3. *Epistle-dedicatory* "Mistresse Eliz. C. . . . Rob. C." Known doubtless to contemporaries, the mere initial "C" has successfully concealed the persons addressed, from posterity. The dedication of such a Verse-story as "Barley-Breake" to a young lady is somewhat suggestive. It is scarcely less incongruous than the legend in the publisher's wretched little wood-cut device in the title-page, which runs "Nunquam aut nunc." "Mistresse" is = Miss, now, having been applied indiscriminately to young unmarried ladies as well as to married, *e.g.*, Donne uses it of a mere child: l. 5, "*champion mountaine*"; so too p. 11, l. 5: Query — the mountain above the "champaign" or plain? or is it level-topped mountain?
- „ 3, l. 21, "*Arbour iest*" = tree-covered sitting-place in gardens behind inns and places of entertainment, then as still.
- „ 5, l. 6, "*Pastorals*" = shepherds.
- „ 7, l. 10, "*make*" = mate; l. 11, "*Euphema now with Streton is in hell*." See our Introduction: l. 24, "*assummon*" = summon elongated.
- „ 8, l. 8, "*nosling*": to "nosil" is to grub in the ground. "Noseling" adv. on the nose. The adaptation of the meaning is clear.
- „ 8, l. 21, "*scrip*" = box or bag; l. 22, "*pase*" = pace or pass.
- „ 9, l. 22, "*proale*" = prowl, rob; l. 23, "*tilt*" = a tent or awning; l. 25, "*yewmings*" = birth; *ib.*, "*dide*" = dead.
- „ 10, l. 3, "*Cratchets*" = crotchets, schemes.
- „ 11, l. 6, "*shrouds*" = hides; ll. 20-28, common-places of classical myths, not needing annotation.
- „ 13, l. 14, "*falling band*" = a neck-band, called later a "vandyke."
- „ 14, l. 11, "*ray*" = array; last line, "*wrefts*" = wrists; *ib.*, "*meat*" = mete or measure.
- „ 15, l. 8, "*scape*" = escape, very much like our "scrape" now; l. 14, "*antike*" = old and grotesque.
- „ 16, l. 13, "*gowne late made of graffe*" = the stains of "green" from the wearer being rolled and pressed on the "grasse." Herrick celebrates this. It may be acceptable, since Herrick is named, to give here both this reference to the "gowne of grasse" and his barley-breake epigram, as thus:—

"Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kisse, both odd and even;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, Love's Firmament":

(My edition of Herrick l. 118).

Barley-Break: or Last in Hell.

"We too are last in Hell: what may we feare
To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here?
Alas! If kissing be of plagues the worst,
We'll wish, in Hell we had been Last and First."
(*Ibid* l. 55.)

He also speaks elsewhere thus:—

"Nor name those wanton reaks
Y've had at Barly-breaks." (*Ibid* l. 96.)

- Page 16, l. 15, "*mayle*": misprint I assume for "*nayle*" or nail, *i.e.*, breadth of a finger-nail; l. 21, "*ouer-vaileth*"—over-vailleth, *i.e.*, vail-eth over, or covereth as with a white veil.
- „ 17, l. 2, "*queane*"=harlot; Cf. l. 10.
- „ 18, l. 26, "*heaf*"=hest or behest, *i.e.*, commandment.
- „ 19, l. 4, "*part*"=port.
- „ 20, l. 11, "*Treene Dijk*"=wooden.
- „ 21, l. 1, "*flight*"=sleight; l. 13, "*Blasing*"=blazoning; l. 15, "*bealed*"=billed or beaked; l. 20, "*dagled*"=draggled; l. 25, "*Mull*"=dust or rubbish-heap.
- „ 23, last line, "*Eare vp*"=tear (as by plough).
- „ 24, l. 7, "*rines*"=rinds; so l. 24.
- „ 25, l. 3, "*Sackbut*"=a bass trumpet; l. 26, "*traied*"=cast down; l. 30, "*detter*"=debtor.
- „ 26, l. 14, "*folium*"=solemn.
- „ 27, l. 16, "*felon*"=criminal person; l. 29, "*naught*"=bad, wicked.
- „ 28, l. 6, "*weariſh*"=unsavoury, insipid, as Scotice "*wersh*"; *ib.*, "*talch*"=touch or taste; l. 8, "*marſh*"=marshy; l. 12, "*cloy*"=surfeit; l. 14, "*ſhead*"=shed; l. 21, "*ramping*"=luxuriant or large-grown; l. 23, "*harſhie*"=hard and stern; *ib.*, "*totters*"=tatters, fragments.
- „ 30, l. 13, "*heard*"=herd, shepherd; l. 14, "*ouer-dight*"=over-covered; l. 18, "*pourtract*"=portrait or portraiture.
- „ 32, l. 4, "*Oopes*": not known to me, unless it be "*hoops*," *i.e.*, lapwings; but they are scarcely suitable; l. 6, "*ſkrange*"=range or long seat?; l. 14, "*topman*"=hangman?; l. 19, "*condold*"=condoled—odd use of the now familiar word.

A. B. G.

XI. W. N.: BARLEY-BREAKE.

- Page 3, l. 6, '*champion mountaine*' = a mountain or hill that is grass-growing, or, as was the case with 'champion,' flat, turfy, and not rocky, else it would not have borne the Hawthorne.
- „ 5, st. 6, l. 1, '*ditches*'—does this mean 'walls,' like the Scotch form 'dykes'? l. 17, '*all to totters*' = quite in rags.
- „ 8, l. 21, '*scrip*' = bag, not box.
- „ 11, l. 26. It may be noted here that "the three that Cacus kept so long," are not heroines of classical song, but are celebrated in Warner's 'Albion's England.'
- „ 16, l. 9 (misprinted 13 in note), '*gotune . . . of graffe*.' The next line, chiefly a repetition, shows that he used this, not in the sense = stains of green (as I was willing to explain), but in the sense that was decorously or indecorously conveyed by that phrasing in those days. "She got of Jove in fieldes," is decisive; l. 15, '*mayle*'—is this in the sense of a ring of metal, an "eye"?
- „ 19, l. 4, '*part*' = part and not 'port.'
- „ 20, l. 9 (from bottom), '*Marchant*'—like *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 153, *saucy merchant*.
- „ 21, l. 12 (from bottom), '*Goatrefte*.' The whole passage reads like a reminiscence of Marlowe's "Live with me," etc.
- „ 27, l. 16, '*Thy Goates ? my girle*'—read 'Thy Goats and my girle,' the Printer having mistaken (apparently) '&' for '?'
- „ 30, l. 1, '*fact*' = crime; l. 11, "*The pure sweet beauty time bestows upon her*." Daniel's *Delia*, Son. 36, edn. 1592; altered later to "That full of beauty." Our author evidently had read 'Delia' in the early edition or editions.
- „ 32, l. 4, '*Oopes*'—the 'hoop' in Somersetshire is not a lapwing but a bullfinch. Minshew gives '*hoope*' the 'hoopoe'—is this the word?

